DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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A BLACKBOARD TEMPERANCE LESSON.

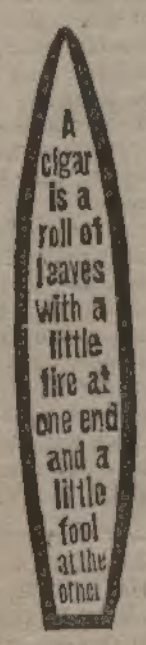
BY MRS. W. F. CRAFTS.

"I be 'most a man already; I smoked a cigar yesterday."

This is what a boy five years old told a gentleman who remarked on his rapid growth.

"How old are your youngest customers?" This question was asked by a gentleman of a cigar-dealer. The answer was, "Some seven, a good many nine, one or two only five or six years old."

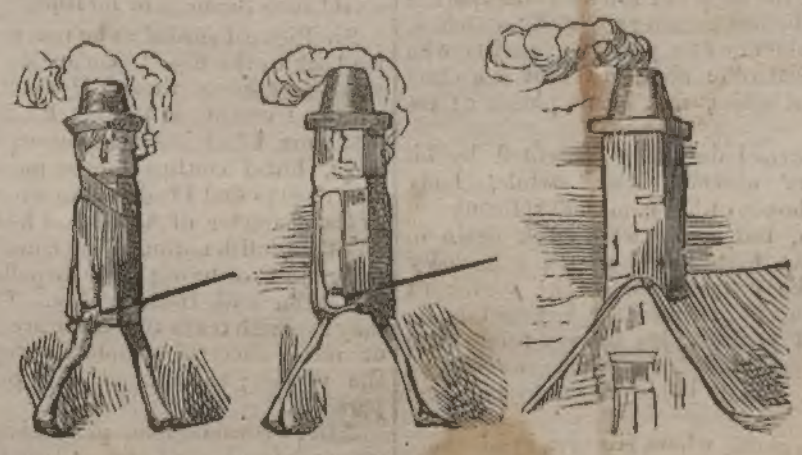
Boys, can you make a picture of a cigar on your slates? Try this one:



I fear that boys who use cigars and cigarettes will never grow to be large and strong men. Smoking will stop the growth of their bodies as well as their minds.

A boy who smokes cannot study well. I never yet met a man who thought he was any smarter or more manly because he used tobacco.

I never heard a father say, "I want my boy to smoke as I do." Fathers do not think that it makes their boys manly to smoke. See what a boy who smokes makes out of himself:



If any boy who reads *The Banner* has commenced to smoke, let me give him a sum to do; or let a boy who does not smoke do the sum and tell other boys about it. If a man smokes six cigars a day at six and a quarter cents each—that is, seventy-five cents a dozen—he would smoke away $136.50 a year. If that amount of money should be put out at seven percent interest for forty-seven years how much would it amount to? This will make a sum large enough to cover a large slate or a blackboard, but it would make a larger pile of money—enough to buy eleven houses at five thousand dollars apiece.

What boy would not rather be the owner of such a row of houses than to be a smoker, who, perhaps, will have no better manners than to be smoking in ladies' faces as he walks along the street, or making himself generally disagreeable when he gets into a street-car or railway-car?

BOY WANTED.

Have you often seen such an advertisement? In New York a boy who was wanting something to do saw such a sign. The merchant saw a cigar in his hand as he came into the office, and when the boy asked for the place this is what the merchant replied:

"I want a smart, honest, faithful person; but I see you smoke cigars, and in my experience of many years I have found that boys who smoke are less reliable than those who do not. You can leave, you will not suit me."

Is it manly, boys, to do anything that will keep you from getting into business?

Read now

SEVEN REASONS WHY BOYS SHOULD NOT SMOKE.

It will stop their growth.
It makes the breath and clothes unpleasant.
It makes them slaves of habit.
It will prevent study.
It makes boys weak and sick.
It wastes money.
It is often the cause of fires and large destruction of property.

If I were teaching a class of boys I should write all of these reasons on the blackboard, and then I should ask the boys to give me seven reasons for smoking. I do not believe they could find one good reason for doing it. —*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

THE HIDDEN BLESSING.

In the city of Lyons, in France, was a poor and childless widow, into whose desolate garret want had entered as an armed man. She was not entirely without some feeling of dependence upon the God of the fatherless and the widow, but she knew much more about saints and guardian angels than of Jesus Christ and what He has done for us.

One day, as she was sitting alone in her comfortless, half-empty room, it struck her that there was a singular outline on the beams of the wall. The walls had been whitewashed, but she thought it looked as if there had been a square opening in one of them which had been carefully closed with a kind of door. She examined it, and finally she began trying to open it. The thought that some treasure might be hidden there made her fingers tremble with nervous eagerness. At last she succeeded. The panel flew back and disclosed a square recess in the wall.

But there was nothing in it but an old and very mouldy book. Bitterly disappointed, she was about to replace the board, when it occurred to her that the book might contain bank notes or valuable papers. She had heard of such cases.

But here again her search was fruitless. As she turned the leaves, however, these words caught her attention and fastened it:

"Wherefore I say unto you take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on."

The mouldy book was the Bible.

She read it nearly all that night and all the next day. She had found her hidden blessing. She had the book cleaned, and it was to her as meat and drink by day and by night, until in a few years she was permitted to close her eyes and enter into the joy of her Lord. —*Monthly Cabinet of Illustrations.*

A DEADLY SERPENT.

Some time ago a party of sailors visited the Zoological Gardens. One of them, excited by the liquor he had taken, and as an act of bravado to his companions, took hold of a deadly serpent. He held it up, having seized it by the nape of the neck in such a way that it could not sting him. As he held it, the snake, unobserved by him, coiled itself round his arm, and at length it got a firm grasp, and wound tighter and tighter, so that he was unable to detach it. As the pressure of the snake increased the danger grew, and at length the sailor was unable to maintain his hold on the neck of the venomous reptile, and was compelled to loose it. What did the snake do then? It turned around and stung him, and he died. So it is with the appetite for strong drink. We can control it at first, but in a little while it controls us. We can hold its influences in our grasp for a while, so that it shall be powerless, but afterward "it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."—*Selected.*

TWO YOUNG MEN.

"I heard a story about two young men who came to New York city from the country on a visit. They went to the same boarding-house to stay, and took a room together. Well, when they came to go to bed, each felt ashamed to go down on his knees before his companion first. So they sat watching each other. In fact, to express the situation in one word, they were both cowards—yes, cowards! But at last one of them mustered up a little courage, and with burning blushes, as if about to do something wrong and wicked, he sunk down on his knees to say his prayers. As soon as the second saw that, he also knelt. And then, after each had said their prayers, each waited for the other to get up. When they did manage to get up, one said to the other: "I really am glad to see that you knelt; I was afraid of you." "Well," said the other, "and I was afraid of you." So it turned out that both were Christians, and yet they were afraid of each other. You smile at that, and how many times have you done the same thing—perhaps not in that way, but the same thing in effect. Henceforth, then, be not ashamed, but let everyone know you are His."—*D. L. Moody.*

Temperance Department.

HERBERT ALSTON.

BY MRS. ELLEN ROSS, IN "DAY OF REST."

Tears, bitter tears, dropped upon the dainty, perfumed sheet of note-paper over which Lady Alston's graceful head was bowed. Pale beams of wintry sunshine peered through the heavy blue window curtains, and gleamed coldly on the richly carpeted floor of her pretty boudoir. She cared not for sunshine just then; a storm of grief was raging in her bosom; her soul was sick with apprehension of coming sorrow. She was oblivious of all external things, as, with an air of weariness, she sat resting one elbow on her writing-desk, while her jewelled hand was held across her weeping eyes. The minutes passed by, and she resumed her writing, slowly traced a few sentences, then gazing abstractedly at the fire-flames leaping in the polished grate.

A low, playfully-prolonged knock was heard at the room door. Lady Alston hastily dried her eyes, and called, 'Come in.' A young man entered and saluted her with an affectionate kiss. A glance at the two satisfied you as to their relationship to each other. They had similar full dark eyes, similar wavy chestnut hair, similar beautifully-curved, refined mouths, though that of the young gentleman was almost concealed by the mustache he wore.

'Herbert, you are unwell this morning?' said the lady, looking anxiously up into his face. His countenance was of pale, sallow hue; his eyes were slightly bloodshot.

'I think not, mamma,' he said carelessly; 'I've had very little rest the past few nights; shall I take a wink on that enviable little lounge?'

Without waiting her reply he threw himself full length upon it, and lay watching her as she turned again to her letter.

'To whom are you writing, mamma dear?' asked Herbert in a sleepy tone of unconcern, as his mother folded the note and placed it in an envelope.

'To Aunt Wylie,' she replied. 'In a letter that I received from her this morning she half expressed a wish that you would visit her.'

'I, mamma?'

'Yes; and now I have told her about the state of your health I expect she will send you a pressing invitation by return.'

'Which I should decline to accept,' said Herbert, promptly.

'Why so, Herbert?'

'How can you ask that question? A parsonage-house, and then, of all other times, the dead of winter. Whew! It makes one's blood run cold to think of it.'

'You cannot call this the dead of winter,' said Lady Alston; 'it is beautiful spring weather, and is getting better every day. Then, Herbert dear, consider that you would be, at least for a time, out of the way of temptation Winters is in town again, is he not?'

Herbert answered in the affirmative.

'I thought so. I saw you at three o'clock this morning, as Sir Richard Alston's son should never be seen, Herbert. For his sake, for your own sake, dear, I entreat you——'

'Now don't preach, mamma, if you please. Let a poor fellow have half an hour's quiet for once in his life.'

He turned impatiently and closed his eyes for a nap.

Her time for preaching to, or teaching Herbert Alston was past for ever. In previous years she might have done it, and doubtless with the happiest results; but she had ignored her responsibility, neglected her duty, and now her time of remorse and suffering was come. Lady Alston was a thorough woman of the world. Her days and years were frittered away in frivolous amusements, light reading, studying the latest fashions, and so forth. Her thirst for excitement was insatiable. On the shrine of pleasure she unhesitatingly sacrificed her own true happiness, domestic comforts, and the best interests of her only and fondly-loved child. It cannot be denied that she loved him, though in her own peculiar way. She was proud of him; she was happy in his presence, restless and dissatisfied in his absence; when he suffered she suffered too. Yet she had never manifested genuine love for him, as becometh a good mother. In his childhood she never folded his soft white hands in prayer, nor told him of One who loved little children.

Herbert's powers, both natural and acquired, were very great. His education being completed, he retired from the 'halls of learning' laden with honors. Lady Alston's pride and admiration of him knew no bounds. Contrary, however, to her fond expectations, he did not return home to be a pleasure and a solace to her in her weary hours (and worldly Lady Alston had many of them), nor to cheer her by his manly and affectionate companionship. She could not reap what she had never sown.

Society opened its arms to receive the accomplished, handsome and wealthy young gentleman, and gave him at all times a welcome that had the semblance of genuine heartiness; and Herbert was gratified. He had crowds of so-called friends and admirers, and, alas! could count his 'fast' acquaintances by scores. The influence of the latter upon him was soon apparent. Health began to give way, and in an agony of alarm Lady Alston prevailed on him to take advice. Travelling was suggested; and after considerable demurring Herbert consented to leave for a time the scenes of folly and dissipation to which he had become so fatally attached, and to make one of a party of tourists who were at that time about to visit the chief continental cities, and other places of interest.

He returned decidedly benefited by his two years' absence. For awhile, Lady Alston's hopes of his complete reformation were high, but anon were sunk again in gloom. At first he skimmed reservedly around the outer circle of the vortex of London questionable society; but ere long he was found pursuing his former follies with greater zest than ever, and was being gradually, surely borne down to ruin and death.

There was one whom Herbert, in his more thoughtful moments, was pleased to style his 'evil genius.' His name was Winters. Herbert first met with him at the clubs. Had he paused for reflection he might well have trembled at discovering what a great influence for evil this man exercised upon him. Herbert was in reality the dupe and victim of Winters, though the poor fellow knew it not. Lady Alston, in her clear-sightedness, perceived it, although she had seen but very little of Winters. She was not slow in discovering what sort of a man he was—outwardly almost irresistibly fascinating, both in person and manners; inwardly a knave—a prowling, destructive wolf in attractive garb. Lady Alston hated him; and on his account her soul trembled for her son's safety.

It was strange and inexplicable with what blind infatuation Herbert followed, and allowed himself to be led by Winters. It was a cause of wonder even to himself sometimes; yet he never sought by word or deed to break off the acquaintance.

When overwhelmed with unavailing regret and sorrow concerning her son, Lady Alston would write to her husband's sister—a clergyman's wife living in Gloucestershire—to tell her her hopes and fears. Mrs. Wylie ever proved a faithful counsellor and a devoted friend to her oft-distressed relatives. While enjoying so great an amount of domestic happiness herself, her heart was always ready to sympathize with those who lacked her joys. She was Sir Richard's only sister, and had married, though not with her brother's full sanction, a truly good clergyman, whose lot was cast in a village of considerable size in the county before mentioned. Sir Richard had anticipated for his beautiful and accomplished sister a more brilliant alliance; and Lady Alston, then a newly-married young lady, expressed her unaffected surprise that 'Agnes Alston should throw herself away on a country clergyman, and bury herself alive in an unknown village, when she might have been an ornament to the best circles of society.' Agnes Alston thought differently, and acted according to the dictates of affection and conscience.

A day or two succeeding the one on which we saw Lady Alston writing to Mrs. Wylie, an answer arrived; also a note for Herbert, begging him to visit Rookby. His aunt said: 'Though it is not the season in which the country looks temptingly inviting, yet, if you will come, dear Herbert, I promise you that you shall not have to complain of dulness. Mind I can take no denial! Hurry away from physicians, and London smoke and din, immediately on receipt of this, and come and breathe freely in this charming locality for a few weeks.'

Lady Alston watched him as he read the epistle. 'Well, Herbert?' she said interrogatively, as he replaced it in its envelope.

'Aunt very coolly says that she will take no denial,' he replied.

'I am glad to hear it,' said his mother.

'What's that?' said Sir Richard, looking up from his morning paper.

'Aunt Wylie wishes Herbert to visit Rookby for a time. I feel persuaded it would prove beneficial to him.'

'Of course, of course,' said Sir Richard, briskly. 'Go by all means, Herbert. This exhilarating weather would brace you up finely.'

'There's no one there,' said Herbert with a suppressed yawn. 'Even Walter is at school, I suppose.'

'Mr. Barton, or "the Squire," as he is called there, is an excellent neighbor; you would find him a congenial companion,' said Lady Alston. 'Then there is Amy, could you desire a more admirable cicerone?'

'I can't do it,' said Herbert, after a meditative silence. 'What with their everlasting dolorous psalm-singing and prosy sermonizing, they would ding-dong me out of this world into the next in no time.'

Sir Richard smiled as he rose to stand with his back to the fire. 'You are slightly out of your reckoning there, Herbert,' he said. 'When I was about to visit Rookby for the first time, I had similar notions and prejudices, but I confess I was most agreeably surprised to find I had made a wrong estimate of the character of Agnes and her husband; and the foolish notions I had conceived about their mode of living were dispelled before I had been with them a day. I suppose I may say with truth that there are not happier or more cheerful people in England than the Wylies; their home is a perfect little paradise.'

After considerable persuasion, Herbert consented to leave town. 'Just for a week,' he said, adding, 'I feel so wretchedly low or I would not consent to it. Mind, mamma, if Winters or any of them make enquiries for me, I am in Paris. I shall keep them in the dark about this.'

Without hesitating his mother promised to circulate the falsehood. It was a bright morning on which Herbert stood with railway wrappers on his arm, to bid Lady Alston farewell. 'I think you may expect me back this evening, mamma,' he said, with a gloomy smile. 'I fear I shall not have nerve enough to immure myself in Wylies's monastic-like house.'

'Nay,' she returned with a light laugh, 'I will give you at least three months.'

With a significant whistle, Herbert slowly descended the staircase. In less than an hour he was whirling along the Great Western line to Gloucestershire. He had no travelling companion but a brandy-flask, which he made frequent use of; consequently, by the time he reached the terminus his spirits were exuberant, and his flask empty.

A drive of five or six miles was then before him, which he had to accomplish in not the most comfortable of conveyances. However, he forgot all inconveniences as the carriage moved slowly on through scenes of quiet beauty.

Warm was the welcome which Herbert met at the Grange. Mrs. Wylie perceived at once what was the cause of Herbert's declining health, and her heart longed to influence him for good. Her delicate kindness of manner was not lost upon him. He was one who could fully appreciate the smallest act of love.

That day at dinner Mr. Wylie deemed it necessary to make an apology for the absence of intoxicants from his table. After remarking that he had seen such a dreadful amount of misery directly and indirectly resulting from the social drinking customs of our day, he said; 'I am of opinion that one of the worst things I could do to an enemy would be to enforce upon him intoxicating drink, and so expose him to most cruel and insidious temptation. How then can I, as a reasonable and responsible being, perpetrate such an enormity on my dearest friends? Herbert, excuse me, but I cannot, dare not, offer you anything intoxicating at my table.'

He was almost startled by the quiet yet thrilling tone of earnestness in which Herbert uttered the words, 'Thank you, uncle.'

Had he known how many times the young fellow before him had resolved to shake off the fatal, clinging habit of intemperance, and as many times been overcome; how, in harrowing moments of reflection, he had wept, yes, even shed tears, as he thought of his powerlessness to combat with the fearful enemy, drink; had he been aware of the ardent desire to amend and live nobly which sometimes burned in Herbert's bosom, he would no longer have wondered why the words were so thankfully spoken.

But as if the arch enemy of mankind were fearful of losing his prey, plausible temptations presented themselves to Herbert. He felt a depression consequent upon his indulgence in the morning; the travelling, too, had wearied him in his weak state. 'Would not a glass of wine do him good?' he asked himself; but how was he to get it? He thought of an expedient.

After dinner his cousin Amy said, 'Is it too late for a walk, do you think, mamma?'

'Yes, dear; besides, Herbert is tired. I advise rest this evening, so that you may take a long ramble to-morrow.'

(To be Continued.)

RESISTED.

Four young men, clerks and students, while on a summer-vacation tramp through Northern New England, engaged for a guide to a certain romantic forest waterfall a boy named Forrest Graves. Forrest was a fine, athletic fellow, who could outwalk and outclimb any amateur in the mountains, and his moral courage was quite equal to his physical health and strength.

After he had guided the young men to the waterfall, and they had satisfied themselves with sight-seeing, they invited him to lunch with them.

"Thank you, I have my own lunch;" and the boy went away by himself. Later, when full justice had been done to their repast, and a flask of brandy had furnished each of the young men with a stimulating draught, Graves was called.

"You must drink with us, if you will not eat with us," now, said the owner of the flask, and the most reckless of the party.

"No, sir, thank you," was the boy's courteous response.

"But I shall insist upon it."

"You can do as you please, and I shall do as I please."

The young man sprang to his feet, and with a bound stood beside the boy, too much absorbed in his own purpose to heed the quivering lips and flashing eyes of another.

"Now you are bound to try my brandy. I always rule."

"You can't rule me."

These words were scarcely uttered when the flask was seized and hurled into the stream where the clinking of glass betrayed its utter destruction. Then a clear, defiant tone rang out—

"I did it in self-defence. You had no right to tempt me. My father was once a rich and honorable man, but he died a miserable drunkard, and my mother came here to live to keep me away from liquor till I should be old enough to take care of myself. I have promised her a hundred times I wouldn't taste it, and I'd die before I'd break my promise."

"Bravely said. Forgive me, and let us shake hands. My mother would be a happy woman if I was as brave as you. I wouldn't tempt you to do wrong. I shall never forget you, nor the lesson you have taught me."

The most reckless was the most generous, and seeing his error apologized frankly.

How many boys need to be kept from strong drink; and, alas, how many men and women! Who dares tempt them? Let it not be you and I.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE SANITARY EDITOR of the New York *Independent*, Dr. Ezra M. Hunt, writing of the "Tobacco habit," says: "While neither are needed for the economy in health, the ability of tobacco to limit health, to unnerve the system, and to prepare for premature break-down is, we think, greater than that of alcohol." May his timely warning be widely proclaimed, especially among young men and boys everywhere.

NO MAN was ever accepted of Christ for what he brought to Him. They are best welcome who bring nothing, and yet expect all things.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

ATTRACTIVE HOMES.

Let us who are mothers and sisters, while we are honestly endeavoring to throw good and lasting influences around the young entrusted to our guidance, not underrate the value of an attractive home.

Most of us have at times been sojourners in houses that looked so prim and precise in all their appointments that we could scarcely breathe freely until we had gone out, and closed the door carefully behind us, almost fearing that the evil spirit of the place would follow us home.

A house where the chairs all stand stiffly against the wall—perhaps covered to keep them from injury—where the sunlight must not come for fear it will fade the carpet, where no papers must be left in sight, and every book must be in the book case, this is the house where the little ones have to sit still in stiff backed chairs with the injunction, "Don't put your feet on the rounds," and where the little ones wonder what makes the time pass so slowly, and what makes mother so cross. How they wish they could have a jolly time like the little ones over the way, whose mother is always preparing some pleasure for them, if only a cheap picture in a home-made frame, or a pretty plant or two for them to admire. All children love to look at flowers, and there are many men and large boys who profess to care for none of these things, yet feel their influence, and only know that home is the best and brightest place of all.

A boy not long since said to his mother, "I don't know why it is, mother, but our rooms look so much better than Mrs. B's. Her house is much finer, and her furniture prettier, but I like the looks of our rooms the best."

In the house he mentioned were no little knick-knacks—no pretty grasses and flowers to brighten up the rooms—nothing but the necessary articles of furniture. 'Tis true that there were handsome vases on the mantel, but most of the time these were very clean and empty, and seemed more like sentinels guarding the rooms than things for its adornment.

Gather the pretty grasses that abound in the fields—bring in the wild flowers. Search for the vines with bright berries, and pretty mosses. Decorate the mantels and brackets with them. Put them on the dining table. Even boughs of cedar and branches of evergreen will brighten up a room if we have no flowers. Make home look bright, and all will seem more cheerful. The young people will love their home, and the mother's influence will be more powerful for good. Try the experiment this winter and see the result.—*Vick's Monthly.*

FAMILY TRAINING — INDULGING APPETITE.

BY A CHRISTIAN MERCHANT.

This is an age of luxury and indulgence, and there is probably more physical as well as moral harm done by parents providing for the wants of their children, rather than their needs, than ever before. If parents would have more firmness in looking after their children's food and gratification of appetite, and see that a liking is cultivated for simple and nourishing articles of diet, their children would be mentally and physically much stronger than they are, and then there would not be that craving for stimulants which does so much to cause the drunkenness and intemperance of all descriptions that prevail so largely in society at the present time. One great reason why the children of well-to-do parents so often prove failures in life is that the cravings of appetite for rich, highly-spiced, and stimulating articles of food and drink were indulged in childhood, and they cannot now relish nor enjoy Nature's best gifts as they come from the hand of the Creator. They must have an expensive and luxurious kind of food, or be discontented and dissatisfied men and women. If their parents, on the contrary, had judiciously directed that only a limited amount of candy, pastry, cake, &c., should be given them, and that only food that was nourishing, healthy and easily digested was allowed on the table where the children were to eat, their enjoyment of life would be much greater. There is hardly anything so much needed in society at the present time as self-denial, and the ability to control the cravings of appetite. We want men and women whose judgment has greater influence over their lives than is exercised by their animal appetites and desires. And we should train up the rising generation so that mental and moral culture should be considered much more important and enjoyable than luxurious living or gratification of appetite.

I knew a young lady who was an only child of an over-indulgent mother in poor circumstances. The daughter was beautiful in form and feature, but the mother knew no law superior to the daughter's wishes for the gratification of appetite. They lived part of the time in the family of the mother's sister, who had a large family of children of her own. The petted and indulged daughter of the poor dependent mother could not eat the food prepared for her cousins, so, rich, highly-seasoned dishes were prepared for her especial use; and her mother considered that because it was her child—who, in her own opinion, should be allowed to dictate just what she should or should not eat—her sister's children should be irritated by seeing their cousin at their own table luxuriating on meals composed of puddings, pies and cake, when they had to live on bread, meat, &c. I suppose it is hardly necessary to say that the daughter after having numerous admirers, whose attentions were of very short duration, died at twenty-five, of disease caused by her mode of living, and the mother has been heart-broken and disconsolate ever since; whereas if she had brought up her daughter to eat only that which was conducive to health and had trained her to habits of self-denial and consideration for the rights and feelings of others, I know of no reason why she should not have become a happy, useful member of society. If she had lived she would have expected to have her appetites gratified, her whims humored and a degree of attention bestowed upon her that would have made her a burden on her friends and life a disappointment to herself.

The temptations to luxury and sensual enjoyment are increasing on every hand, and parents must see that more watchfulness and care are shown in order that their children may be equipped with sufficient resolution and habits of self-denial and economy to become what every parent so much desires—intelligent, healthful and trusted, as well as honored members of society.

A child who is allowed to gratify every whim at the table—who is allowed to spend every cent that it gets for candy, &c.; who never is taught that it must limit the gratification of its appetites and desires—will, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, grow up in helpless despondency, and be no source of usefulness or happiness to itself or any one else.—*N. Y. Witness.*

A WRITER in the *Scientific American* says: We clean our premises of these detestable vermin (rats) by making whitewash yellow with copperas and covering the stones and rafters in the cellar with a thick coat of it. In every crevice where a rat might tread we put the crystals of the copperas, and scatter the same in the corners of the floor. The result was a perfect stampede of rats and mice. Since that time not a footfall of either rats or mice has been heard about the house. Every spring a coat of the same yellow wash is given to the cellar as a purifier as well as a rat exterminator, and no typhoid, dysentery or fever attacks the family.

MEAT OR SAUSAGE ROLLS.—Make one pound puff paste; roll it out to the thickness of half an inch, or rather less, and divide it into eight, ten, or twelve squares, according to the size the rolls are intended to be. Place some sausage-meat on one-half of each square; wet the edges of the paste and fold it over the meat; slightly press the edges together and trim them neatly with a knife; brush the rolls over with the yolk of an egg, and bake them in a well-heated oven for about half an hour, or longer should they be very large. The remains of cold chicken and ham, minced and seasoned, as also cold veal or beef, make very good rolls.

FISH FRITTERS.—Take the remains of any fish which has been served the previous day, remove all the bones, and pound it in a mortar; add bread-crumbs and mashed potatoes in equal quantities. Mix together half a tea-cupful of cream with two well beaten eggs, some cayenne pepper, and anchovy sauce. Beat it all up to a proper consistency, cut it into small cakes, and fry them in boiling lard.

BAKED APPLES.—Baked apples are very nice filled in with plain custard, also with rice and corn-flour, dressed as for a pudding, and poured in where the cores were; or take a piece of quince cheese and place it in when the apples are about half done. Blackberry jam, also, is very nice, but must not be put in till the apples are done, or it spreads over the dish too much.

THE OBLIGING DIME.—Lay a dime between two quarters on a table covered with a cloth; place the two larger coins so that a glass tumbler, inverted, may stand upon them. Now ask the dime to come from under the glass to you, and it will most obligingly do so if you scratch the tablecloth with your finger-nail. This may truly be called "coming up to the scratch!"

TO UTILIZE the feathers of ducks, chickens and turkeys, generally thrown aside as refuse, trim the plume from the stump, inclose them in a tight bag, rub the whole as if washing clothes, and you will secure a perfectly uniform and light down, excellent for quilting coverlets and other purposes.

PUZZLES.

ALL OF THE FOLLOWING MAY BE FOUND IN THE ABOVE SCENE.

1. Two domestic animals neither dogs nor sheep.
2. Something used for the safety of vessels.
3. Two-thirds of a measure in common use.
4. What Columbus decided to do when he discovered America.
5. Very short breathings.
6. What a doctor should do.
7. Something that Robin Hood carried.
8. What a photographer should do to his sitter when he spoils his picture by moving.
9. A flat fish.
10. A money-raising establishment.
11. Something that is often the best part of an oration.
12. Something between hitting the mark and missing.
13. A slang word for boldness.
14. Something that magpies often do.
15. A number of small swift-footed animals.
16. Something too often found in children's books.
17. What I would be if I were in your place.
18. Something lately abolished in the British navy.
19. Something always present at a military parade.
20. A verb involving the idea of plunder.
21. An island off the coast of Scotland.
22. Something that every carpenter uses.
23. Parts of cutting implements.
24. Where you come on your return.
25. What the man did who dined on mutton.
26. An implement used by shipbuilders.
27. Parts of a tree.
28. A part of a ship of war.
29. Weapons.
30. Part of a railway.
31. An edible mollusk.
32. A delicious fruit.
33. Parts of a ship.
34. Sacred buildings.
35. A part of every river.
36. A symbol of royalty.
37. Part of a clock.
38. A number of fish.
39. Something for dinner.
40. Scholars.
41. A favorite essayist.
42. A term used in music.
43. A collection of stories.
44. A common garden flower.
45. Part of a carpenter's tool.
46. A projecting tract of land.
47. Parts of an American cereal.
48. A celebrated metaphysical writer.
49. An instrument used in shooting.
50. Something often found in a paper of needles.
51. Ananias and Sapphira.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF SEPTEMBER 15

Word Square in Story.—

W A U L
A C R E
U R G E
L E E R

Four Hidden Trees.—Yew, Willow, Papaw, Cedar.

Beheadings and Curtailments.—Fracas, raca. Heart, ear. Canto, ant. Agatha, Gath. Planet, lane.

Charade.—Insatiate.

Metagram.—Bole, dole, hole, mole, pole, role, sole.

Musical Instruments.—Tabret, psaltery, organ, cymbal, sackbut, cornet, flute, bell, horn, timbrel, trumpet, pipe, harp.

CARED FOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JACK THE CONQUEROR," "DICK AND HIS DONKEY," &c.

(Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER I.—*(Continued.)*

THE ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND.

Mary Arnold had for years made God her friend. In the days of her happiness and prosperity she had not forgotten Him, and now she was rewarded by feeling that He would not forsake the two young ones who were going to be thrown so entirely on His fatherly care.

"They will literally have no friend but himself," she thought, as in the silence of night she lay awake in her cabin hearing the plash of the waves against the side of the vessel in calm weather, or the roaring of the wind amongst the sails when it was stormy. "But as He guides this vessel hour by hour, so will he guide them. I know not how He will do it, or whither He will take them, but I will trust Him to care for them and find them a home. I commit them to Him, for He is faithful who has promised."

Her great anxiety now was to instil her own trust into the hearts of her children. She told them how ill she was, and that she expected to die. But she assured them that though father and mother would be gone, their Father in heaven would never forsake them. "You cannot see Him," she would say, "but He will be ever near you. Every time you say, 'Our Father which art in heaven,' try and feel that He really *is* your Father Shun doing anything that can displease Him, and then trust Him for yourselves as I trust Him for you."

At first neither of them seemed at all to be able to realize the idea of losing her. But when she took Phil aside and talked to him about his little sister, and told him that soon she would have no one but himself to protect her, he seemed to comprehend the reality of what was coming upon them.

"Phil," she said to him one day when they were alone together, "I want you to promise me to be a good and true brother to Susie always. You are three and a half years older than she is, and may do a great deal for her in many ways. You can see that she never forgets her prayers, and you can teach her all I have so often taught you about our Heavenly Father's love in sending His Son to die for us. This will show her how great that love must be, and will teach her to look up to him. I trust Susie to you, Phil; you will take care of her, will you not?"

"Mother, I promise you I will." The boy said the words with an earnestness that quite satisfied the dying mother.

But although she was anxious to prepare her children's minds for the worst, Mrs. Arnold still clung to the hope that she might reach England, and have strength enough left to find out a cousin whom she had left living at Hampstead, near London. In former days they had been more like sisters than cousins, and as she was a single woman in comfortable circumstances, she thought that she would show the children kindness for her sake, if she knew of their desolate condition,

She told Phil all about this cousin, and of her firm belief that she would befriend them when she was gone, and she talked with him about her plan of finding her out and confiding them to her care. But, as events proved, this was not to be. The sudden rupture of another blood-vessel brought her to the very door of death, and gave her only time to say a few last words to her children, and those were spoken with difficulty.

"God will watch over you," she said; "He will provide you with a home somewhere, when you reach England. Ask the captain ——" But what she was about to say was never said—a coughing fit came on, and in a few minutes she expired.

It was not till her remains were committed to the deep that Philip and Susan could realize that she was really dead. From that moment they would never be parted for an instant from each other. Susie clung to her brother as to her all, now her mother was gone; and Philip felt that the time was come to fulfil his promise to care for Susie and be her protector; and in his almost nervous anxiety to be faithful he could not bear to have her out of his sight. The reader will now understand in how very desolate a position the young couple were placed, and will perhaps feel interested in following their history for a time.

"WHERE ARE WE, PHIL?" SHE ASKED.

CHAPTER II.

THE FLIGHT FROM THE SHIP.

We left the young Arnolds sitting together, with the impression made by the conversation they had heard still fresh in their minds. Phil thought and thought for a long time. He had conceived a perfect dread of the lot that seemed awaiting them, and his imagination magnified the horrors of a life in a Union a thousandfold. Above all, he shrank from being separated from Susie, the little tender, clinging creature given into his care. The eleven-year-old boy became almost a man in his anxiety to shield her from all harm and distress. She must not, should not go into the Union, where only paupers ever went. He felt sure *that* could not be the home his mother said God would provide.

That evening, when Susie was asleep, he looked carefully over his mother's things. There were but few—some clothes, a silver watch, her Bible and prayer-book, four pounds in gold, and some loose silver. There was also a note, addressed to her cousin—Miss Susan Harmer, 3, Holly Lane, Hampstead, London. It was unsealed and enclosed in a paper, on which was written his mother's desire that if she died before reaching England, Phil should get this letter conveyed to her. The letter was a touching petition to her cousin to be kind to the orphans, who had no other relative or friend in England than herself. Phil's first idea was to show this letter to the captain; yet on second thoughts he resolved not to do so, but to try and find out Miss Susan Harmer and deliver it to her themselves. How far Plymouth (where they would land) was from London, he did not know, nor did he then much care. His one thought was how to escape from being made over to the Union by the captain, who would of course want to get rid of them as soon as the ship was emptied of her passengers. The only plan seemed to be to go off with Susie without saying anything, and without observation.

He did not tell even Susie what he thought of doing till they came in sight of Plymouth. Then he confided to her that he meant to slip away from the ship in order to avoid being sent to the Union, and to go to London on foot and find out their cousin at Hampstead. Susie was delighted. Everything with her was right if Phil proposed it. They were going off in search of the home mother had said God would provide, and they were sure to find it after a time.

It was a bright day in the early part of May. The sun shone brilliantly, and the waters danced and sparkled in its rays as they entered Plymouth Sound. The bustle and confusion that were going on prevented Phil having

any fear that they would be noticed if they went on shore with the other passengers. Captain Jelf was giving orders one moment, and the next shaking hands with some passengers and saying farewell. Friends were coming on board to meet friends. Yet the captain had not forgotten them, for only that morning he had told the mate that the young Arnolds must stay on board till the evening, when he s hould have time to see after them. Phil had heard what he said, so he knew their destiny as to the Union was sealed unless they left when the others did.

He carefully selected a change for himself and Susie from their small stock of clothes, and put the purse containing the money into his pocket, with the watch. The clothes he made into a bundle. The only other articles he took were a small Bible and prayer-book that had been his mother's, and which she had used constantly. Between the leaves of the prayer-book he placed the letter she had written to her cousin. A basket, which, though light, would hold a fair amount of provisions for the journey from day to day, he put aside for Susie to carry.

He watched their opportunity, and they went on shore amongst a number of other passengers. They walked on in the first direction that offered itself, for one way was the same to them as another. It led them into the streets of Plymouth.

The novelty of their situation prevented their feeling its loneliness. The shops and the carriages, with gaily dressed ladies in them, amazed Susie so much that Phil could scarcely get her to walk on. With Phil by her side she felt no anxiety and no care. It was not so with him. He wanted to get out of Plymouth as quickly as possible. He knew that both captain Jelf and the mate had their homes there, as well as most of the sailors, and his dread was that they might be stopped in their flight; for he had a sort of vague idea that the captain would do as he liked with him. So the safest way seemed to be to leave the town and get into the country, asking, as they went along, which was the road to London. He knew it was a very long distance from Plymouth, but this did not discourage him. Their bringing up in the bush had been a hardy one, and distances which in England seem great are thought little of there.

Nor did he shrink from the idea of going all the way on foot. He and Susie were strong and accustomed to long walks. He would not for an instant think of spending any of their money in going by train, for he knew they would want it all in other ways. But to lay in a stock of food for their immediate use was of importance; so he looked about for a baker's shop. There was one not far off, and they went in and bought some rolls and buns. They had dined before leaving the ship, so had no present hunger to satisfy. He enquired of the woman behind the counter which was the road to London. She asked him if they were going there, and hearing they were, suggested that trains ran several times a day. She stared when Phil said they meant to walk, and seemed to think he did not know what he was undertaking. She asked him so many questions that he began to fear she might guess they were running away, and rather hastily decamped with Susie and their purchases.

They trudged in the direction she had said they were to go. They came to the suburbs of the town. Houses were farther apart, and the gardens larger. At length they ceased, and the children found themselves quite in the country, where a dwelling only appeared now and then Phil began to breathe easier, though still the thoughts of the Union made him quicken his pace.

After going on steadily for a mile or two, he saw the sun was getting very low, and Susie's legs began to grow tired. Hitherto she had been amused, and had felt all the enjoyment of being on land after so many weeks at sea; but now she said in a weary tone of voice—

"Phil, where are we going to? Where shall we sleep to-night?"

She had been dragging wearily on his hand for some time, and the boy, still but a child himself in years, felt all the responsibility of the charge of her. It was a weighty one for a boy of his age. He almost wished for a moment that he had not gone away from Captain Jelf's protection, so greatly did he feel the need of some one to lean on and to turn to for direction and advice.

Susan repeated her question—"Phil, where are we going to?"

"I don't exactly know, Susie dear," he said. "We must walk on a little farther, and perhaps we shall find some place to spend the night in."

This was vague sort of comfort to poor Susie, but she kept bravely on for nearly another mile; then utterly worn out with all the excitement and fatigue of the day, she burst into tears, and said she could go no farther.

"Sit down on this stile," said Phil, "whilst I climb over it and see what that building is yonder. Eat a bun, dear, whilst I am gone; I will not be away many minutes."

He hastened off, and soon came to a large shed, the door of which was open. It was empty, and there was a quantity of tolerably clean straw on the floor.

Phil ran back to Susie, who had been greatly comforted by the bun.

"I have found such a nice snug little house to sleep in," he said—"come along;" and he helped her over the stile, and led her across the field to the shed. "We shall be very snug here, shall we not, Susie? I will roll up some straw into a pillow for your head, and cover you up with straw, and put your cloak over you all. You will sleep as sound as a top, and so shall I."

He soon contrived a comfortable straw couch for his sister, and another for himself. Then the basket was opened again, for Phil was hungry, and Susie's appetite was not satisfied by her one bun; but they had laid in a stock sufficient for two or three meals. Then Phil reminded her that they should kneel down and say their prayers, and they asked God to watch over and take care of them; and when they repeated the Lord's Prayer, Phil remembered how his mother had bid him try and feel that God was indeed their Father, and the thought comforted very greatly the young guardian brother. As for Susie, she found her straw bed so comfortable that she said, as she laid her head on the pillow, "Do you think, Phil, this can be the home mother said God would find us?"

"No, dear," replied Phil: "but I think it is what He has given us just for to-night. Now try and go to sleep. Are you quite comfortable?" But there was no reply, for in that instant little tired Susie had fallen into a sweet sound sleep. Phil went to take one look outside the shed. It was quite dark now, and the stars were shining brilliantly. There was not a sound to be heard, except the bleat of a sheep and the bark of some watch-dog at a distance.

The boy felt awed by the solitude and silence around him. Susie being asleep made him feel for the time quite alone in the world. Just then the bright new moon caught his eye, looking so beautiful as it hung in the heavens that it carried his thoughts upward to Him who made it; and he felt cheered and reassured, and kneeling down on the grass, said, "O God, our Father, help me to take care of Susie, and lead us to a home." Then, going into the shed, he carefully closed the door, and lying down near his sister, was soon as sound asleep as herself.

CHAPTER III.

ADVENTURES BY THE WAY.

The sun was high in the heavens the next morning before our young wanderers awoke. Phil was the first to arouse himself. He opened the door, and the bright light that darted in made Susie open her blue eyes with surprise at finding she was not in the little berth she had occupied during the voyage.

"Where are we, Phil?" she asked. Then remembering everything, she sprang up, and running to the door, clapped her hands in delight at the beauty of the scene around them, which was naturally most refreshing to eyes which had for so long a time rested only on a broad expanse of water. Thoroughly rested and refreshed by a long night's rest, they were both in good spirits and looked forward to the day's travel with pleasure, for Philip said they must set forth in good time for their march, A brook of water ran not far from the shed; its murmuring told them where to find it. Here they washed their hands and faces, and Susie combed out her curly hair, for Phil had not forgotten to put up a brush and comb in their little travelling bag. After saying their prayers they sat down to eat their breakfast, the clear fresh water of the brook serving as their beverage. Then they started on their journey.

The care that had weighed on Phil's mind the evening before grew light under the influence of rest and the fresh morning air. Their life in Australia had fitted them for a wandering one. They were both strong and healthy, and had money with which to buy food for a long time. Hope, too, was strong, for they had entire faith in their Heavenly Father's promises to the fatherless. *How* He would provide, or *when*, they knew not, but He would never forsake them so long as they prayed to Him and tried to please Him. Surely it was such trust as this the Saviour alluded to when He said, "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein."

The road along which they were walking was a very pretty one, with high hedges and a broad green sward on either side of it, soft and pleasant to the feet. In the middle of the day they rested under a large tree, and examined the contents of their provision basket. It contained sufficient for the present moment, but Phil was anxious to find some shop where it could be replenished. Seeing a waggon coming after them, he stopped till it came up, and asked the waggoner, who was walking at his horse's head, if he would be so good as to tell him whether they would soon arrive at any village with a provision shop in it.

"There's one called Bewley about a mile off," said the man, "but it's only a few houses scattered here and there. You must go on five miles further, and you'll come to Brickton, quite a large place, where you'll get anything you want."

Phil looked disappointed. Five miles was much too far for Susie to walk in her tired state.

(To be continued.)

Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.

Psa. 37: 7.

The Family Circle.

THE WINDMILL.

Behold, a giant am I!
  Aloft here in my tower,
  With my granite jaws I devour
The maize, the wheat and the rye,
  And grind them into flour.

I look down over the farms;
  In the fields of grain I see
  The harvest that is to be,
And I fling aloft my arms,
  For I know it is all for me.

I hear the sound of flails,
  Far off from the threshing-floors,
  In barns with their open doors,
And the wind, the wind in my sails,
  Louder and louder roars.

I stand here in my place,
  With my foot on the rock below,
  And whichever way it may blow,
I meet it face to face,
  As a brave man meets his foe.

And while we wrestle and strive,
  My master the miller stands
  And feeds me with his hands,
For he knows who makes him thrive,
  Who makes him lord of lands.

On Sundays I take my rest;
  Church-going bells begin
  Their low, melodious din;
I cross my arms on my breast,
  And all is peace within.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

SAVED BY A FLOOD.

"You know," said my grandfather as he settled himself in his old-fashioned easy-chair preparing to tell us a tale—"you know that my father was a miller, as I am, and that I learnt the business under him when I was quite young.

"In order that you may understand what I am going to tell you, I must remind you that, when I was a young man, our country was not in such a quiet and peaceable state as it now is. We had been at war for a long time, and there were frequent threats of an invasion of England by her great enemy Napoleon the First of France; these threats kept the people quite in a ferment of excitement, and made our Government careful to have the army and navy well supplied with men. The great expense of keeping the country on a war footing caused much distress, by making everything very dear; and, added to this, there was one year an almost entire failure of the wheat crop all over the country, and bread became so high in price that many persons were brought to the verge of starvation; these poor people, driven to desperation by want, and urged on by unprincipled agitation, sometimes banded themselves together and committed many unlawful and wicked acts. Several mills in different parts of the country were attacked by them, and the corn and flour either carried off or destroyed. And it was no uncommon thing for a farmer who had managed to grow enough corn to store in his barn or stacks, to have these wilfully set on fire by men who fancied that these acts of wickedness would be for the good of the country, or else out of spite and envy against their more prosperous neighbors.

"You may be quite sure that with things in this state, those who had corn stored away had rather an anxious time.

"For a while the neighborhood in which we lived had been remarkably quiet and free from the acts of violence I have described. But it proved that we were not to be let alone, and in the winter of which I am going to tell you, when I was about twenty years old, our part of the country became as riotous as any other.

"Day after day we heard of some lawless deed, and sometimes at night we saw a red glare in the sky, which we knew was probably caused by the burning of some poor farmer's corn-stacks.

"These things made us anxious about our own mill, and my father often looked very grave when he heard of what was going on around us.

"'Father,' I said to him one day, 'what shall you do if our place is attacked?'

"'I can do nothing,' he said, 'but trust in God to help us. If the corn in the stores were my own, I would sell it all out, but as it is only here to be ground for other people, I can't do that.'

"'But,' I urged, 'these rioters won't care about that. And if they do visit us, it is likely enough they will destroy the mill as well as take the corn."

"'Have you never read, Henry,' my father answered, 'that "the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and, delivereth them"?'

"'Yes, father, I know that, but—'

"'But what, Henry—would you say you have not faith enough to believe it?'

"'No,' I said, 'and yet I should not like to say that none of those who have had their property destroyed feared God.'

"'God forbid that I should say so either my son, but wherever that has been the case whatever violence they have suffered has been allowed to fall upon them for some good purpose or other.'

"I cannot say that I felt at all satisfied with my father's reasoning. The fact is that although I had been religiously trained from my earliest childhood, I had not then been brought to rest my entire confidence in God's watchful care and protection. I can see now how wrong I was to have so little faith in his ability to help us, and in his care for his people.

"It was a rule strictly attended to by my father, that every day should be opened and closed by prayer, and the whole family assembled night and morning to join in these pious devotions. Solemn and earnest as my father's prayers were, I could not but notice that at this time they were still more so in tone and feeling.

"Very touchingly did he pray that the country might be brought out of its present straits, and that the God of all nations would cause his face to shine once more upon our land; that he would succor the poverty-stricken and miserable, and forgive the lawless and sinful, and bring all to know and fear him. Nor did he forget to commend himself and his family to the care of his Heavenly Father. Thus he constantly felt that he was under the protection of a Divine Providence, and this gave him a calm and quiet that were unknown to those who had no such trust.

I must now tell you that our mill was driven by a little stream that ran from the river a mile above, and returned to it again just below the mill. This stream formed a boundary to our meadows on one side, and they were bounded on the other by the river; the little piece of land thus enclosed formed a miniature island, and on this island, close to the mill, stood the house in which we lived. Sometimes when there had been a great deal of rain, the usually quiet little stream became swollen and over-flowed its banks, and then our house was quite surrounded by water, and, but for the little wooden bridge that reached from it to the mill, the only means of communication with the outer world was by boat.

"It was the first week in January; the ground was covered with snow for miles round, and on the hills above our mill there were such enormous drifts that we looked forward with fear to the time when there should be a thaw, as we knew that if it came on rapidly the river and stream would be so overflowed as to endanger the mill and house.

"However much my father put his confidence in God and trusted in Providence, he was not the man to leave unused the means that lay in his power to prevent misfortune of any kind overtaking him. He accordingly set to work in having all the corn moved from the lower to the upper parts of the mill and store-houses, and as far as possible removed everything that could be injured, in case a flood set in.

"It was on a Saturday evening that this precautionary measure was completed, and we were about retiring to rest, feeling satisfied that all was done that could be to prevent mischief in case of a thaw, which appeared likely soon to come on. Before going to bed, however, my father and I took a last look round the yard to see that all was safe, and while doing so we noticed that the air was very much milder, and found that a thaw had already commenced, and the stream was rapidly rising; we entertained no fears, however, and went to bed.

"Early the next morning I was roused from my sleep by a roaring sound, and on going down stairs to ascertain the cause was surprised to find that the stream, which had made the sound, had risen to such a height that the water was already nearly level with the door-sill; this was much higher than I had ever seen it before, and I began to feel alarmed for the safety of the mill, which was old and not calculated to bear such a strain upon it as was caused by the overflowed stream.

"I quickly roused my father, who was astonished at the rapid flood and felt nearly as nervous as I did about the mill; but he said that he felt sure that no harm would come to the house, which stood on slightly higher ground; and he added that we were in good hands, for that He who could command the elements was our friend, and he would not allow us to be harmed.

"It made me almost angry to hear him speak so confidently; I felt more inclined to be rebellious, and to say that if God's promises were of any use, now was the time for him to fulfil them, and to save us from loss; but neither my angry feelings nor my father's faith had the effect of staying the waters. On they came, creeping higher and higher, until at length the floors of the lower rooms of the house were flooded, and we began to move the furniture into the chambers above.

"It is impossible for me to describe the anxiety we suffered during the long hours that intervened before daylight began to appear.

"My mother and younger brothers and sisters were much alarmed, especially when there was the sound of a crash, as if part of the house were giving away; indeed, the crash was so loud that I determined to venture out into the yard to see what had happened. Lighting a lantern, I cautiously stepped out of the house, and began to look about me, but could see nothing that could have occasioned the noise; and as I found the water too deep to allow me to get as far as the bridge, I was obliged to return unsatisfied.

"'Never mind,' said my father, 'we shall know what it is when the morning comes.'

"By-and-by there was a glimmering of light in the east, and before long we were able to see the extent of the flood. What a sight it was! The little island on which the house stood was entirely covered with water, and many acres on the opposite side of the mill were quite inundated.

"Anxious as we were to see whether any damage had been done to the mill, my father would not go out, or allow me to go, until we had held family worship. It was our custom on Sunday mornings always to sing a psalm or hymn before our father read from God's Word, and that morning he chose Watts' paraphrase on the seventh Psalm, beginning thus,

"'My trust is in my heavenly Friend,
  My hope in thee, my God;
Rise, and my helpless life defend
  From those that seek my blood.'

After singing this Psalm, and reading a chapter from the Bible, our father spoke of the love of God to his people, and tried to calm our fears by saying that we were in God's hands, and that nothing could harm us unless it were his will, and pointing out that we, as children, ought to feel as assured as Paul did when he said, 'We know that all things work together for good to them that love God—to them who are the called according to his purpose.'

"After our worship was concluded, my father and I went to look after the mill, but found to our dismay that the bridge had been washed away, no doubt causing the noise that we had heard. The force of the stream had carried the bridge quite out of sight, and had also sunk the boat, which we had left tied to the railings. There was now no possibility of reaching the mill until the flood subsided sufficiently to allow us to raise our boat; nor was it probable that we should have help from our neighbors, as none of them had a boat large enough to venture in while the flood was still rising.

"During that memorable Sunday the waters continued to rise, for the snow was melting rapidly on the hills, and, added to this great torrents of rain fell throughout the day.

"We now began to fear that our house would give way under the heavy pressure of water, and that we should all perish.

"It was during the long hours of that Sabbath day and night that my father and mother showed the value of feeling themselves to be God's people, and under his special protection. Had it not been for their unshaken faith, I fear that some of us would have almost given way to despair.

"It was early on Monday morning, long before it was light, that I went out of doors again to reconnoitre, and to my great joy found that the water was beginning to subside. Hardly could Noah's dove have brought more welcome news to those in the ark when she came back with a leaf in her bill, than did I when I brought my parents the happy intelligence.

"'Let us thank God for his mercy,' said my father; 'if the water does not rise again we shall be safe.'

"Once more we had anxiously to wait for the breaking of day; and when the sun at last appeared, it was to show the cloudless sky and an entire absence of snow—all was melted away.

"Our worst fears were now over; although we knew that many hours must pass before we could get our sunken boat out of the water, and thus reach the mill, we felt confident that the house was now out of danger.

"I need not tell you of all the hours that passed before we were able to leave the house. We were detained prisoners until Tuesday, when the water had so far subsided that we were able to raise our boat, and my father and I rowed the rest of the family across the flooded meadows to our nearest neighbor's house, where they took refuge until our own house was again fit for them to enter.

"We were thankful to find that no damage had been done either to the house or mill; and in a week's time we were settled down to our usual work and mode of living, my father praising God for having spared us from what had seemed imminent calamity, and I asked myself why God had permitted us to suffer what we had.

"Little did I then know that the flood on that Sunday night had been the means of saving us from what might have been far more disastrous to us. But this was found afterward to be the case.

"A year had passed away since the incidents I have related took place, a year of suffering for many, for, although the prosperity of the country was slowly returning, much distress still prevailed. During this time my father had exerted himself in doing good among the suffering families in the neighborhood, and had gained for himself the gratitude of many a poor man and woman for his timely help.

"It was when he was on one of these errands of mercy that my father met with a poor man, a stranger to the parish, who was very ill, and to all appearances not likely to live. While speaking to him of his eternal interests (for he never gave temporal relief without trying to impart some spiritual instruction too), the man seemed much affected, and thinking as he did that he was fast approaching death, he tried to relieve his burdened mind by telling my father of some of his past sins, and among them he confessed that on the very Sunday night that we had been flooded in, he, with a number of others, had planned to attack our mill, and not only had they meant to take away the corn, but, because my father was what some of them called a saint, they had determined to burn down the house and mill, regardless of who perished with the flames.

"These plans were frustrated only by the impossibility of their reaching us, because of the tremendous flood.

"So you see that the flood that I had murmured about was really the means of saving us from utter ruin and perhaps from death.

"The man went on to say that they could not plan for attacking the mill on another night, as the very next day troops appeared in the neighborhood, and they were obliged to scatter to different parts of the country.

"My father forgave the man for his wicked intentions, and when, contrary to expectation, he regained health and strength, he gave him work in the mill, where he remained a good and faithful servant until his death, some years afterwards.

"I always believed, with my father that it was the hand of Providence that had shielded us that night from being burnt in our home; and I don't think either of you will doubt it."—*Tract Magazine.*

A GOOD REPLY.—A boy being asked what meekness was, replied, "Meekness always gives smooth answers to rough questions."

WHAT DO YOU WANT.

BY CAROLYN SMYTHE.

A Christian man, the business of whose life was to sow the seed that might spring up into eternal life, found himself one summer morning among the woods and hills of a country place, whither he had come for rest and vacation. The change from city atmosphere to the pure air of the mountains was rest and tonic of itself; so he said to himself, "Now I don't want to go hunting or fishing; I am going to work, and I am going to do the hardest work I can find."

In a town three miles away, he remembered, there lived a lawyer whom he had known from boyhood—a wicked, profane, unbelieving man—and toward his office he turned his steps. At the door he was informed that the lawyer was out of town and would not return for a fortnight. A young man who was in the office, supposing he had come on business, said, "It need make no difference, sir. If you will put your case in my hands I will attend to it."

"No, I prefer to see the state's attorney himself."

"It will not be necessary, sir. I have been in the office a number of years, and can give your case all needed attention, if you will tell it to me, and I will report to the state's attorney on his return."

"Thank you; I think I will wait and see him myself."

Still the young man persisted, until the stranger turned to him and said, "Very well, since you are so eager to assume my case, I will tell you what it is, and then, perhaps, you will not care so much about it. I came here this morning to talk with Mr. B. on the subject of personal, practical religion. Now, will you take my case?"

"Yes, sir, and thank you too," was the quick, sincere reply. Then he went on to say that he had been thoughtful and concerned about his soul for a year; that no one had ever spoken to him on the subject, although he had wished for counsel, and had attended prayer-meetings and purposely walked home with Christian people hoping to be addressed by them. "Until at last," he said, "I have concluded that no one cares for my soul; or else, there is nothing in it. I am not sure which is truth. Now I shall be so glad if you will talk with me."

While they were in the midst of their conversation the door was suddenly thrown open, and a young man rushed in.

"Halloa, Frank. Are you ready for that horseback ride?"

"No; I am not ready. I cannot go this morning."

The new-comer withdrew to a remote corner of the room, and the others continued their talk. More or less of their words fell upon his ear, and he began to edge his way nearer to the speakers, till at last he was within reaching distance, when the elder man touched him with his finger, and said, "What I have been saying to your friend here is equally applicable to you, young man."

"Oh, no, it is not; I am a sceptic."

"Oh, you are a sceptic, are you? Did it ever do you any good?"

"No."

"Do you expect it ever will?"

"No; I don't know as I do."

"Then it would not do you any harm to give it up, would it?"

"No, but there is the trouble—how to get rid of it."

"Oh, that is not the trouble at all. It lies back of that—how to get the disposition to get rid of it."

"Oh, I have that already. I'd be glad enough to get rid of it if I could."

"I am inclined to doubt you, sir; but if you will allow me to put you to the test I can soon satisfy you and myself as to your disposition."

"I am ready, sir, to submit to any test you please."

"Very well. Will you sign this?" and putting his hand into an inner pocket he drew out a total abstinence pledge.

Now the young man was at that moment slightly under the influence of liquor, but after carefully and thoughtfully reading the pledge, he at length said, "Yes, I will sign it," and he wrote his name on the paper, and before he returned it made a copy of it, which he put in his own pocket. "Now, sir, what next?"

"Let us go into the inner room where we can be more secure from interruption." After some further talk, the elder stranger proposed that they should pray together. The young men were very willing that he should pray with and for them, but declared that they themselves did not know how to pray.

"Praying, my friends, is only asking for what we want, and if you don't know how to pray, then you simply don't want anything. That is all."

This was a new aspect of the case, and the young sceptic said, "If I could see Jesus Christ I would tell him what I want, more than anything else, that he should take away all my scepticism, change my heart, and make me a Christian."

"Then that would be praying if you should say that to him here and now. And what do you want most of anything?" turning to the lawyer.

"I don't want anything but to become a Christian."

"Very well, tell God just that, and keep on telling him until he makes you one."

After praying they separated, and never met again. Two years after, their stranger guest heard that the young lawyer was the most active member of the church at his home; and although he had not given up his profession for which he had spent years of study, he had so prepared himself by other study as to be able to take his pastor's place if he were necessarily absent, and was proving by his life that a man can serve God faithfully in the successful practice of the law.

Still a few years later the seed-sower learned incidentally that the young sceptic was studying for the ministry, having devoted his life to the service of that God whose existence he once denied. Both these young men frankly attributed their conversion to the interview in the state attorney's office with a stranger whom they never met again, and whose name they never knew.—*Am. Messenger.*

JENNIE'S LESSON.

"Jennie! Jennie!"

It was mamma's voice calling, and Jennie heard it, but she was very busy reading her Sabbath-school library book. Jennie loved reading, and her book was a very interesting one. She was doing a good thing, but when mamma called, she should have answered. Soon the call came again, louder than before,

"Jennie! Jennie!"

This time she answered, "Yes, mamma, in a minute." Then she looked back upon her book, and forgot all about the call, till, finishing a chapter, all at once she remembered, and jumping up, ran quickly down stairs.

"What is it, mamma?" she asked in a doubtful voice, for mamma was sewing and did not raise her eyes from her work.

"Uncle John called to take you to ride with Clara and Millie," mamma answered quietly.

"Didn't he wait, mamma?" asked Jennie in a rueful voice.

"Oh no, my child; he said he could not wait a minute, and now you have waited ten minutes before coming to see what was wanted."

Uncle John had lately bought a horse and sleigh, and Jennie had been longing for a ride; and now she had missed it. She began to cry, for the disappointment was bitter and hard to bear. Mamma allowed her to cry a little, then said kindly,

"Come and sit by me in your little chair, Jennie, and let us have a talk together. Do you see the frost on the northern window, where the sun has not shone all day, Jennie? And do you see the words there, which you were writing with your finger this morning when I called you to breakfast?"

Jennie saw the writing upon the window and remembered. Then she hung her head in shame.

"Do you know, Jennie, who wrote some words upon two tables of stone with his finger?" asked mamma again.

"It was God," said Jennie.

"And what did he write, Jennie?"

"The ten commandments."

"Don't you think they must have been very important, if God wrote them in the stone with his own finger?"

"Yes, mamma," answered Jennie in a very low voice.

"I think my little girl can repeat the fifth commandment. That is the children's commandment, you remember," said mamma.

And Jennie's head was bent very low, as she repeated, "Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

"Didn't you disobey mamma when you were writing upon the window, after I had called you to breakfast?"

"Yes, mamma," sobbed Jennie.

"And so you dishonored me, too, before our visitor, Miss Gray, didn't you, Jennie?"

"Oh yes," sobbed Jennie again.

"And now Uncle John has gone away, saying in his heart, 'What a naughty, disobedient child Jennie is!' and so you have dishonored me again. O Jennie, that is far worse than any disappointment about the ride."

Jennie laid her head upon mamma's knee and cried. This time they were not cross tears, but sorry tears. Then she asked her mamma to forgive her, and mamma kneeled down with her, while they asked the dear Saviour to forgive her too, and to help her to honor and obey her dear mamma always. —*Lilian Payson, in Child's Paper.*

"A NAIL IN EVERY BUILDING."

The late Prof. Samuel Miller, of Princeton, N. J. was a man of large benevolence. He refused to aid no object which he considered worthy of public or private beneficence. He used to say that he loved to have a nail in every building intended for the glory of God or the good of man. It was in his heart to aid to the extent of his ability every worthy cause. And doubtless he had his reward. He had it as he went along, in the consciousness of doing good. He had it in the prayers and benedictions of the poor. He has it now in heaven, in the smile of his divine Lord. And he will have it in the great rewarding day, when the Master will bring to light every good deed, and say unto him, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Were all to act on the same principle, how much good would be accomplished! "A nail in every building intended for the glory of God or the good of man." A helping hand for every worthy object. Here a little and there a little. A portion to seven and also to eight. Few are so poor but that they might adopt this rule. The writer's income has always been small, and his means quite limited; and yet it has been his rule for almost half a century to give something, his mite, or his two mites, to every worthy object presented. He has never allowed a contribution-box pass without casting in his little offering. Nor has he refused to put his name to a subscription for some small sum. Nor have the poor been turned away from his door unfed. And it is his experience that it is "more blessed to give than to receive." He takes pleasure in giving; his only regret being that it is not in his power to give more. He would have not only a nail in every building, but a brick or a stone, a board or a timber. And he has endeavored to bring up his children to adopt and to practise according to the same rule. And it is a pleasure to him to see them doing so. He has no fear that they will impoverish themselves in this way. He feels that as for himself he is better off, even for this world, than if he had kept all to himself; and it is his belief that it will be so with respect to them. At any rate, he would have them liberal. He would have them scatter blessings all along their path through this needy world, and do all in their power to make their fellow-men better and happier. —*American Messenger.*

A CAPITAL PRESCRIPTION.

A rather eccentric yet eminent physician was called to attend a middle-aged rich lady who had imaginary ills. After many wise enquiries about her symptoms and manner of life, he asked for a piece of paper, and wrote down the following prescription: "Do something for somebody." In the gravest manner he handed it to the patient, and left.

The doctor heard nothing from the lady for a long time. On Christmas morning he was hastily summoned to the cottage of her Irish washerwoman.

"It's not meself, doctor, it's me wrist, that's ailing. Ye see, I was after going out into the black darkness for a few bits of wood, when me foot struck this basket. It stood there like a big mercy, as it was, full of soft flannel from Mrs. Walker. She towld me that your medicine cured her, doctor: so, if you plaze to put a little of that same on me wrist, I'll be none the worse for me nice prisent."

"It is a powerful remedy," said the doctor gravely. And more than once in after-years he wrote the prescription: Do something for somebody.

"OH, THE DRUDGERY of this every-day routine!" cries many a business man, and many a housekeeping woman. "To get through the day, and have the same round to traverse to-morrow!" Yes, but how do you know what use the gracious Superintendent of your life is making of this humdrum as you call it? A poor, blind mill-horse treads his beat, hour after hour, and it all seems to him to come to nothing. But the shaft he is turning is geared into others, and they into wheels that in other rooms, above him, far away beyond his hearing, are working out results that he could never comprehend. Wait till you see no longer through a glass darkly, and see the unknown bearings and connections of your life-work with other generations, and may be, with other worlds.—*Advance.*

Question Corner.—No. 19.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

217. In what kingdom was it that a law once signed by the king could never be altered?
218. What king signed a decree that no one should ask a petition of any god or man excepting the king, for thirty days?
219. What king dreamed of a great image and forgot it so that he could not tell it in the morning?
220. By whom was the dream revealed to him?
221. What king was made to eat grass as oxen?
222. How was Elijah provided with food when he dwelt by the brook Cherith?
223. Who was the last king of the kingdom of Israel?
224. What man's hair when cut weighed two hundred shekels?
225. Where do we find the words, "For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself"?
226. What king and his queen caused a man to be killed in order that they might possess his vineyard?
227. Of whom did Paul say, "From a child thou hast known the holy Scriptures"?
228. Who succeeded Moses as leader of the children of Israel?

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1. Scene of Christ's first miracle.
2. Abraham's chief servant.
3. One of the judges of Israel.
4. Great-grandfather of Abraham.
5. Eldest son of Cain.
6. A commercial city signifying "a rock."
7. Son of Boaz and Ruth.
8. A woman of Sorek, beloved by Samson.
9. Ruth's sister-in-law.
10. One of Isaac's sons.
11. A beverage offered the Saviour on the cross.
12. A book of the Bible.
13. Father of Leah and Rachel.

The initials form an exhortation by the prophet Isaiah.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 17.

193. Belshazzar's. Daniel v. 5.
194. See Daniel v. 25, 28.
195. Naaman the Syrian. 2 Kings v. 10, 15.
196. The turning of the water into wine. John ii. 2.
197. Zacharias and Elizabeth. Luke i. 13.
198. In Capernaum. Mark ii. 1.
199. In Nazareth. Luke iv. 16, 29.
200. At the pool of Bethesda. John v. 2, 5,
201. Deborah. Judges iv. Esther. Esther viii. Jael. Judges v. 24, 31.
202. Idolatry. See Ezra and Nehemiah.
203. Jerubbaal: he was given this name by his father after he had destroyed the altar of Baal. Judges vi. 27, 32.
204. Cousin. Esther ii. 7.

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1, Philip. 2, Rhoda. 3, Enoch. 4, Pharaoh. 5, Aaron. 6, Rizpah. 7, Ezra. 8, Yea. 9, Eneas. 10, Tabitha. 11, Hezekiah. 12, Esther. 13, Woman. 14, Assyria. 15, Yellow. *Prepare ye the Way.*

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 16.—Herbert Davidson, 12; George W. Foster, 12; Alex. Johnson, 11; Mary E. Coates, 11; Andrew Patterson, 10.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1881, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON VI.

Nov. 6.]

THE DAY OF ATONEMENT.

Lev. 16: 16-30.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 20-22.

16. And he shall make an atonement for the holy place, because of the uncleanness of the children of Israel, and because of their transgressions in all their sins: and so shall he do for the tabernacle of the congregation, that remaineth among them in the midst of their uncleanness.

17. And there shall be no man in the tabernacle of the congregation when he goeth in to make an atonement in the holy place, until he come out, and have made an atonement for himself, and for his household, and for all the congregation of Israel.

18. And he shall go out unto the altar that is before the Lord, and make an atonement for it; and shall take of the blood of the bullock, and of the blood of the goat, and put it upon the horns of the altar round about.

19. And he shall sprinkle of the blood upon it with his finger seven times, and cleanse it, and hallow it from the uncleanness of the children of Israel.

20. And when he hath made an end of reconciling the holy place, and the tabernacle of the congregation, and the altar, he shall bring the live goat:

21. And Aaron shall lay both his hands upon the head of the live goat, and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins, putting them upon the head of the goat, and shall send him away by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness:

22. And the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities into a land not inhabited: and he shall let go the goat in the wilderness.

23. And Aaron shall come into the tabernacle of the congregation, and shall put off the linen garments, which he put on when he went into the holy place, and shall leave them there:

24. And he shall wash his flesh with water in the holy place, and put on his garments, and come forth, and offer his burnt offering, and the burnt offering of the people, and make an atonement for himself, and for the people.

25. And the fat of the sin offering shall be burnt upon the altar.

26. And he that let go the goat for the scapegoat shall wash his clothes, and bathe his flesh in water, and afterward come into the camp.

27. And the bullock for the sin offering, and the goat for the sin offering, whose blood was brought in to make atonement in the holy place, shall one carry forth without the camp; and they shall burn in the fire their skins, and their flesh, and their dung.

28. And he that burneth them shall wash his clothes, and bathe his flesh in water, and afterward he shall come into the camp.

29. And this shall be a statute for ever unto you: that in the seventh month, on the tenth day of the month, ye shall afflict your souls, and do no work at all, whether it be one of your own country, or a stranger that sojourneth among you:

30. For on that day shall the priest make an atonement for you, to cleanse you, that ye may be clean from all your sins before the Lord.

GOLDEN TEXT.—We also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement.—ROM. 5: 11.

CENTRAL TRUTH—Christ taketh away sin.

INTRODUCTORY.—The sin and punishment of Nadab and Abihu interrupted the instructions and laws for the sacrifices and purifications, and of which our lesson is a continuation.

NOTE.—THE DAY OF ATONEMENT, or atonements, was the only fast day of the Hebrews. It was held on the 10th of Tisri, our September or October, five days before the Feast of Tabernacles, and was observed as a solemn Sabbath, v. 31, "to make an atonement for the children of Israel, for all their sins, once a year," v. 34, cf. Heb. 9: 7.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) SIN OFFERING FOR THE TABERNACLE. (II.) THE SCAPEGOAT, (III.) THE BURNT OFFERING. (IV.) FINAL DIRECTIONS.

I. SIN OFFERING FOR THE TABERNACLE.—(16-19.) HOLY PLACE, here means the Most Holy Place. The direction, "he shall make," refers to the preceding ceremonies, vs. 12-15, by which the Most Holy Place was cleansed; UNCLEANNESS, natural sinfulness, &c.; TABERNACLE OF THE CONGREGATION, "tent of meeting," the tent as a whole with all within it; REMAINETH, dwelleth, abideth; NO MAN, of the priests or people, was to be present in the Tabernacle during any of the preceding ceremonies; FOR HIMSELF, &c., vs. 3, 11, these victims had to be purchased by himself; ALTAR, the Brazen Altar in the court was finally cleansed; UPON THE HORNS, as in the common sin offering, 4: 30, 34; HALLOW, make holy.

II. THE SCAPEGOAT.—(20-22.) LIVE GOAT, two goats were presented to the Lord, one was devoted by lot and sacrificed as a sin offering for the people; the other, the "live goat," is called the scapegoat, vs. 7-10; PUTTING THEM, imputing, transferring Israel's sins to the goat; FIT MAN, "a man at hand," who led the goat away by a scarlet cord; BEAR, John 1: 29, carry away forever; NOT INHABITED, "land of separation"; LET GO, where the people were not likely to find it the goat was set free.

III. THE BURNT OFFERING.—(23-25.) LINEN GARMENTS, see v. 4: LEAVE THEM THERE, they were worn only on this day of the year (for his usual garments, see Ex. 28: 39-43); WASH HIS FLESH, bathe himself as in v. 4; GARMENTS, usual high priestly ones; HIS BURNT OFFERING, AND ....OF THE PEOPLE, a ram for each, vs. 3, 5, offered on the Brazen Altar, (see Lesson III.); FAT OF THE SIN OFFERING, i.e., of the bullock and goat whose blood had been sprinkled; BURN, or roast.

IV. FINAL DIRECTIONS.—(26-30.) WASH.... CLOTHES....HIMSELF, his contact with the goat that bore Israel's sins had made him unclean; BULLOCK....GOAT, &c., only their blood and fat had been used; CARRY FORTH, &c., cf. 4: 11, 12, the carcases of the sin offering having had sin transferred, was not to be eaten but burnt, was unclean, 6: 30; HE THAT BURNETH, &c., his contact with them made him unclean; FOR EVER, i.e., until its fulfilment in Christ; AFFLICT, in the sense of humble; YOUR SOULS, yourselves; OF YOUR OWN COUNTRY, i.e., a Jew; STRANGER, foreigner, it means one not born a Jew, but living with Israel.

TEACHINGS:

(1.) All have sinned, all need atonement.
(2.) Only Christ's blood can cleanse our souls.
(3.) Faith transfers our sins to Christ, who bears them away forever.
(4.) Are you cleansed from all sin?

LESSON VII.

Nov. 13.]

THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES

Lev. 23: 33-44.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 41-44.

33. And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying,

34. Speak unto the children of Israel, saying, The fifteenth day of this seventh month shall be the feast of tabernacles for seven days unto the Lord.

35. On the first day shall be an holy convocation: ye shall do no servile work therein.

36. Seven days ye shall offer an offering made by fire unto the Lord: on the eighth day shall be an holy convocation unto you; and ye shall offer an offering made by fire unto the Lord: it is a solemn assembly; and ye shall do no servile work therein.

37. These are the feasts of the Lord, which ye shall proclaim to be holy convocations, to offer an offering made by fire unto the Lord, a burnt offering, and a meat offering, a sacrifice, and drink offerings, every thing upon his day:

38. Beside the sabbaths of the Lord, and beside your gifts, and beside all your vows, and beside all your freewill offerings, which ye give unto the Lord.

39. Also in the fifteenth day of the seventh month, when ye have gathered in the fruit of the land, ye shall keep a feast unto the Lord seven days: on the first day shall be a sabbath, and on the eighth day shall be a sabbath:

40. And ye shall take you on the first day the boughs of goodly trees, branches of palm trees, and the boughs of thick trees, and willows of the brook; and ye shall rejoice before the Lord your God seven days.

41. And ye shall keep it a feast unto the Lord seven days in the year. It shall be a statute for ever in your generations: ye shall celebrate it in the seventh month;

42. Ye shall dwell in booths seven days; all that are Israelites born shall dwell in booths:

43. That your generations may know that I made the children of Israel to dwell in booths, when I brought them out of the Land of Egypt: I am the Lord your God.

44. And Moses declared unto the children of Israel the feasts of the Lord.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.—PSALM 103: 2.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness.

INTRODUCTORY.—Five days after the Day of Atonement, the Feast of Tabernacles, the most joyous season of the Jewish year, was to be celebrated. Chapter 23 recapitulates, in part at least, the chief festivals ordained, with special stress on those that included "Holy Convocations." The Passover, Pentecost, and the Feast of Tabernacles were the three "Great Festivals" of the year, Deut. 16: 16.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—God wants us to count the blessings of "our lives" often, so that we may learn to trust and love him more and more, and to rejoice and be glad in him.

NOTES.—PALM TREES, probably the date-palm (an evergreen tree), growing from 60 to 100 feet high, and living more than 200 years. In ancient times it was very plentiful in Palestine. It has a bare trunk, with no branches, and is surmounted by a crown of long, wide evergreen leaves. It is emblematic of the righteous, Ps. 1: 3.—WILLOWS, same as those known to all of us. Before the Captivity it was a symbol of joy, but since then of sorrow. Willows are often referred to in the Bible, though not so often as palms.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) ITS CHARACTER AND OFFERINGS. (II.) THE BOOTHS AND THEIR MEANING.

I. ITS CHARACTER AND OFFERINGS.—(33-38.) SEVENTH MONTH, September or October. The feast began at the full moon, and lasted seven days, 15th to 22nd, followed on the eighth day by the "closing festival," v. 36; FEAST, not the same word as in vs. 2, 4, 37, etc., but the same as in vs 6, 39, 41, has the special meaning of "joyous festival," and properly was applied only to the three Great Festivals, which all male Jews celebrated by attendance at the Tabernacle or Temple, Ex. 23: 17; TABERNACLES, booths or huts; HOLY CONVOCATION, a day to be observed by Sabbath-like rest, on which the people came together for religious edification; SERVILE WORK, secular, everyday occupation, except such work as was necessary for the preparation of food, etc., Ex. 12: 16; this exception was not allowed on the weekly Sabbaths nor the day of Atonement, Ex. 35: 3; Lev. 23: 28-30; SEVEN DAYS, ETC., on each of them as prescribed in Num. 29: 13-39, where the Meat Offerings are included, and also the Sin Offering required on each of the eight days; YE SHALL OFFER, ETC., i.e., on the eighth day and on the other seven; this is the Sin Offering; SOLEMN ASSEMBLY, better, "closing festival," refers to the eighth day; FEASTS, "appointed times," i.e., all the preceding ones mentioned in the chapter; TO OFFER .....UPON HIS DAY, with the appropriate kinds of offerings prescribed for each occasion; THE SABBATHS, regular weekly Sabbaths, Num. 28: 9, 10; GIFTS.....VOWS.....FREEWILL OFFERINGS, cf. Num. 28: 39, all voluntary, occasional offerings, not required by law.

II. THE BOOTHS AND THEIR MEANING.—(39-44.) ALSO, better, "truly"; WHEN YE HAVE GATHERED IN, "when ye gather in," the harvest did not necessarily require to be completed before the feast; this depended on the season. It was sometimes called the feast of in-gathering, Ex. 23: 16; FRUIT, of field, vineyard and orchard; A FEAST, the festival just described; A SABBATH, a sabbath-like rest, vs. 35, 36; BOUGHS, "fruits," probably with the boughs on which they grew; GOODLY TREES, "tree of goodliness," some think it meant only the citron; THICK TREES, with thick leaves, Neh. 8: 15; PALM TREES, of these branches booths or arbors were made, v. 42, while bouquets of the same were carried in the hand; BEFORE THE LORD, usually means at the sanctuary, here perhaps only a holy rejoicing; BOOTHS, bowers, sheds, huts. In modern times they are made of boards, and then covered with green branches; they were erected in every available spot, even on the flat roofs of houses, etc. On the eighth day of the feast they were not to be inhabited; ALL ISRAELITES BORN, "strangers" were excepted from this rule; THAT, ETC., explains the purpose of the festival; WHEN I BROUGHT THEM, ETC., in Israel's wanderings on Sinai they probably dwelt in tents rather than booths; but both were temporary, portable places of sojourn. The booths thus reminded of those long years of pilgrimage and camp life.

TEACHINGS:

(1.) It is God's purpose that his people shall be happy and rejoice.
(2.) Special days of remembrance and thanksgiving are profitable for all.
(3.) God's mercies should draw from us liberal offerings.
(4.) Remember all good only as coming from God, not from yourself.

SLEEP.

There is no fact more clearly established in the physiology of man than this, that the brain expends its energies and itself during the hours of wakefulness, and that these are recuperated during sleep; if the recuperation does not equal the expenditure, the brain withers; this is insanity. Thus it is that in early English history persons who were condemned to death by being prevented from sleeping always died raving maniacs; thus it is also that those who are starved to death become insane; the brain is not nourished and they cannot sleep. The practical inferences are three:

Those who think most, who do most brain work, require most sleep.

That time "saved" from necessary sleep is infallibly destructive to mind, body and estate.

Give yourself, your children, your servants, give all who are under you the fullest amount of sleep they will take, by compelling them to go to bed at some regular, early hour, and to rise in the morning the moment they awake of themselves, and within a fortnight nature, with almost the regularity of the rising sun, will unloose the bonds of sleep the moment enough repose has been secured for the wants of the system. This is the only safe and sufficient rule, and as to the question how much sleep any one requires, each must be a rule for himself; great nature will never fail to write it out to the observer, under the regulations just given. —*Standard.*

DO IT NOW.

Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it, from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is—take hold at once, and finish it up squarely and cleanly, then to the next thing, without letting any moments drop between. It is wonderful to see how many hours those prompt people contrive to make of a day, who contrive to pick up the moments that the dawdlers lose. And if ever you find yourself where you have so many things pressing upon you that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret—take hold of the very first one that comes to hand and you will find the rest all fall into file, and follow after, like a company of well-drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line. You may have often seen the anecdote of the man who was asked how he had accomplished so much in his life. "My father taught me," was the reply, "when I had anything to do, to go and do it." There is the secret—the magic word now—. *League Journal.*

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